

WASHINGTON CITY SIDELIGHTS

Here's Laundry Hint Gleaned From the Marines

WASHINGTON.—Information always comes in handy, especially when you hook it while fishing for something else. As the American and French flags were raised at the celebration of Bastille day every man on the Ellipse took off his hat except the marines on guard.

A patriotic young lady, who is going to heaven when she dies, provided she takes as good care of her soul as of her glassy pink finger nails, objected to the omission, but as no one paid the least attention to her, that was all there was to that—except:

A woman who happened to be standing next a uniformed youngster on camp leave inquired into the matter and learned that no marine may take off his hat when he is wearing his belt.

Being a sociable chap, glad of the chance to talk to so obviously a nice woman, he told of soldier life generally, until he came at last to the inside information that: "Every marine is his own child."

This explains for you why it is that some uniforms look so much niftier than others, from a laundry point of view.

Also, it may account for a wise government's changing army blue for a color that won't show dirt. You have to know the reason of a thing to have proper respect for its value.

A marine has to wash a uniform every day—and he has four, unless it may be more or less, for a listener gets the wires crossed now and then—and he uses a brush instead of a washboard, which saves wear and tear on the garments, to say nothing of his knuckles and immortal soul.

So now you know what to do when tubbing time comes to help you win the war, and also—which is really more important—the lady of the glassy pink nails will find from this important document just why the marines kept on their hats.

Woman Is Going to Insist on Tucks and Frills

"FASHION hasn't worn cotton since the war. Everything is silk." The clerk said it to a mere everyday customer who had dared to mention petticoats. With the information went a couple of shrugs that told each other that of course some women would continue to stick to cotton, with another shrug to finish the inference with the proper shading of scorn.

Official information is a handy thing to own, but it has its drawbacks. It put wry lines between the eyes of the customer as she left the shop, wondering what is going to happen with skirts on the blink. But she might have saved herself the wear and tear of her emotions, for the first person she saw when she got outside was a broom-handle sister who insisted upon wearing her tucks and frills to the very beach of the River of Styx. And after that, at comforting intervals, came:

A tremendously stout woman who didn't give a hang for straight fronts, but wore her contour as unconcerned as if she were the first edition de Milo, diked off in spotty black lawn.

A middle-aged woman with the sort of Roman chin that will insist upon what it wants until kingdom come, and one of the things the woman apparently wanted just then to the extent of possessing in all its glory was a white skirt showing lace inserts under blue flowered mull.

There were others, but these will serve, so the customer's worry lines went out of business, and as woman must express herself or die she paused before a plaster lady in a store window—a passe plaster lady, clipped a trifle and clothed in a shopworn suit marked down.

"Wax ladies may do as they please, but you and I and the rest of us runs of the mill are going to stick to our coats, even after the war, when knickers come in fashion."

And anybody who supposes that plaster lady failed to smile response is simply not acquainted with plaster ladies.

Proof That Kind Act Is Not Always Appreciated

AN AUTOMOBILE stood in front of a theater. It was an imposing car of brown leather, burnished brass and allied flags, and as its owner came out of the theater—movie—and was getting aboard, two girl children asked with the wheedling confidence—some call it impudence—that goes with innocence and shedding teeth:

"Say, mister, give us a ride. Jinx, ain't never been in a nauty-mob." The man paid no attention and whizzed away.

They were only tads of the street, but it would have been worth while, perhaps, to give two stepchildren of fortune a memory that might have lasted them a lifetime.

And perhaps, again, have got the host arrested for kidnapping—you never can tell. It seems the right thing always to do a kindly action offhand, but consider the case of one friendly man who lives up Capitol hill way:

Being a stranger here for responsible war work, he naturally gets a bit lonely for oldtime friends and associations, but being also a wholesome and buoyantly healthful person, soul and body, takes all the pleasures that come his way and always does his best to pass them on. The other afternoon his car was at the curb, and as it was inconvenient just then for the friend in the house to go riding, he humored the children next door who had been begging him for pennies, cones and the like, by taking two of them for a ride. When he returned after a short spin it was supposed that was all there was to it, but, dear me, no! The mother objected to a strange man's taking her children in his car.

So, you see, you never can tell.

Possibly Wartime Conditions Brought This About

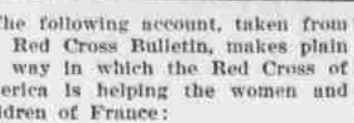
HE WAS the happiest man in Washington. That's a pretty broad statement, but he said it himself, and he ought to know. "You see, it is this way," he was heard to say: "For many months I had been eating around, here and there and everywhere. And something always bothered me. Maybe you have experienced it. In winter and summer it is always the same, only the medium is changed."

"Talk United States! Sure! What I'm complaining about is that in wartime Washington—in winter, say—you can't ever get your second cup of coffee as hot as the first, or with as much cream in it. And in summer the second glass of ice tea is warm. Ask me not why this is true. There is no valid reason why the second cup of coffee should not be as hot as the first, or why the second cup should be 'dark' instead of 'light.' Nor have I ever been able to find a real excuse for your second glass of ice tea coming to you lukewarm, with an invisible piece of ice in it."

"I threatened, besought and bewailed, and all were of no avail. I must go through life, I thought, accepting a lukewarm second cup of coffee and a tepid second glass of ice tea."

"But now all that is changed. My second cup of coffee is steaming and my second glass of ice tea looks like an iceberg afloat on an amber sea. Oh, boy!"

WHAT CAN WE + DO?



The following account, taken from the Red Cross Bulletin, makes plain the way in which the Red Cross of America is helping the women and children of France:

The American Red Cross has placed at the disposal of General Petain, commander in chief of the French armies, the sum of 5,650,000 francs (\$1,130,000) for distribution among the sick and "reformed" French soldiers and their needy families.

It extends its aid to the repatriated children coming in convoys from occupied France and Belgium by way of Evian-les-Bains. Four thousand children have been examined and nearly 1,000 treated at the American Red Cross hospital where also acute and contagious cases are treated. More than 16,000 have received dispensary treatment, and those in need of convalescent care or those suffering from tuberculosis are sent to the Red Cross hospital near Lyon. The thousands of old folk, women and children without homes, who leave Evian each week for the various departments to which they are designated, find there the representatives of the American Red Cross. There are more than fifty distributed in forty-four departments, who take part in the work of rehabilitation, supplying furniture, clothing, fuel and food.

In Paris, twenty-six houses for the lodging of refugees have been turned over to the bureau. These will take care of 700 families, or 3,850 individuals. The Red Cross furnishes the necessary requisites and in certain cases advances money to cover the expenses of construction. A refuge of the American Red Cross at Toul houses 400 young children and their mothers who have come out of the bombarded villages, while the means furnished by the Red Cross have made possible the opening of a maternity hospital at Chalons in which 600 babies have been born since the beginning of the war.

The American Red Cross gives care

and comfort to the babies of France in thirty-seven different posts, nine of which are the "postes sanitaires" established in Paris where schoolchildren whose mothers are engaged in war work may get their meals.

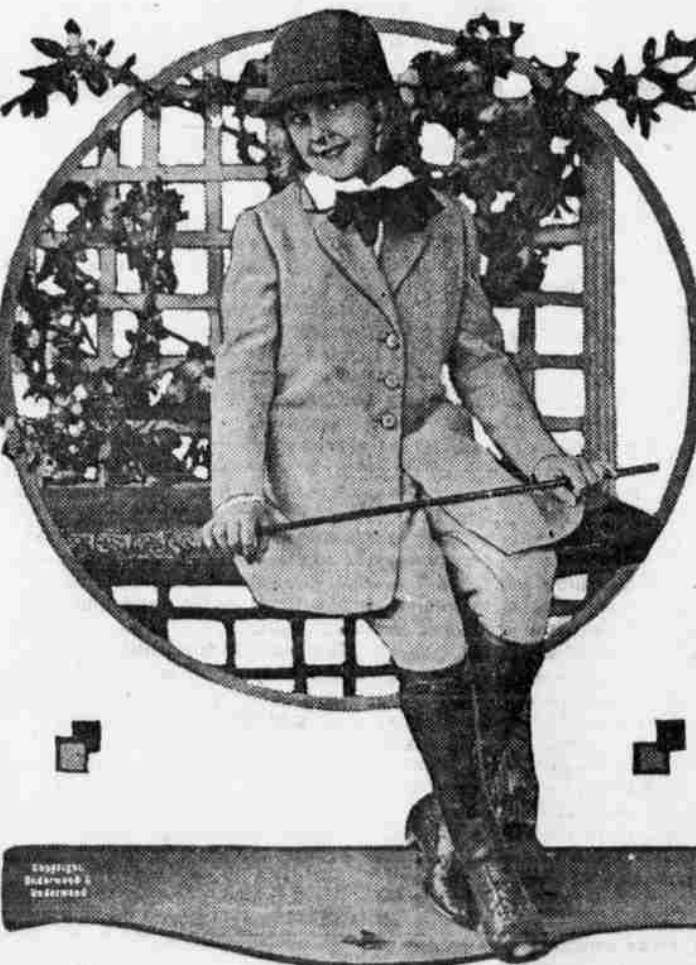
Work is also going on in the five villages selected for intensive reconstruction. The houses damaged by shell-fire and bombs have been rendered habitable, barns and other farm buildings have once more been made fit for service. A subvention of 50,000 francs (\$10,000) has been set aside for the planting of 40,000 fruit trees in the orchards destroyed in the departments of the north.

Supplies for the refugees have been made direct, through the medium of the 78 organizations and the 28 local branches. A total of 74,372 articles of clothing, 257 infant layettes and 30,150 meters of goods have been distributed, as well as sewing machines, sewing materials, food and medicines.

A Clothes Mandate. Owing to the necessity for conserving materials and labor, and to keep the ever-rising cost of garments down to a minimum, fashion authorities are not authorizing or recommending radical changes for the autumn. Therefore the silhouette will be straight and youthful; colors will be restricted to the smallest possible number and for street wear will be dark and rich in tone, with much fur trimming, fringe and embroidery.

One hears that very few capes are smart unless they are touched up with a checked or plaid fabric. And capes, you know, are as smart as jackets, and will continue to be so through the autumn. They are worn over separate skirts and culottes, blouses, or short Chinese tunics, and they have that swagger military air that comes from their careless arrangement across the shoulders. All of the new ones have some kind of waistcoat arrangement which holds them closely over the bust and waistline.

Riding Togs for Youthful Wearer



Whatever accomplishments or sports are to be cultivated in our girls, their training for them should begin early. Riding, swimming, tennis, walking, climbing, music and languages—add so much to the joy of life that every girl is entitled to a chance at some of them. While the girl is growing up is the time for her first instruction and for the really tedious practice which a knowledge of music and languages compels. Timidity is easy to overcome in the young. It is especially sensible to insist on having children taught to swim and ride, and girls excel when given a chance in these sports.

A glance at the habit of the smartly clad little miss shown in the picture above reveals that her habit follows closely the summer-time habits worn by her elders. The fad for puttees in place of high-top boots has extended their use to the youngsters, and washable cloth—heavy linens and Palm Beach cloth particularly—make the best choice of fabrics for breeches and coats. It is only in certain details that there is a difference between this habit and those made for grown-ups. The coat is less trim in lines than those cut for developed figures. The soft blouse with turn-over collar and bow provides about the only appropriate manner of dressing the neck, and the high-crowned visored cap, fitting snugly, is the happiest choice in headwear for a small girl.

A habit of this kind need not fear comparison with others when the youngest horse-women ride their ponies at the horse show or county fair. There ought to be blue ribbons for all of them—to reward some particular excellence in which each one is sure to exceed all the others.

Julia Bottorley

Roman Belts. Roman belts have been revived with the colored jewelry; even the old-time sashes with deep knotted fringe are coming to the fore. The Roman belts and matching hand bands look very smart with white golf togs, the blouse of which is fastened with jade buttons, and the hat with jade pins. Much fancy jewelry is worn in the daytime with the wash dresses, always harmonizing with the gown. Or when white is worn, with the hat and veil.

Face Powder to Be Scarce. The French government has prohibited the manufacture of face powder from rice, an official report stating that 100,000 soldiers' rations of rice are wasted daily on women's powder puffs.

INTERESTING ITEMS FROM THE CITIES

All He Wanted to Do Was to Get to the Camp

DETROIT.—"Say, boss, kin yo' gib me a pass to hop a freight fo' Camp Custer?" queried a lanky negro of Officer Lambert of the A. P. L. force at the bureau of delinquents, municipal building.

"Why the rush, Charlie?" asked Mr. Lambert.

"Well, boss," replied the darkey, "I don't lost mah chud an' Ah done want to get in de army jes' as quick as ever Ah kin. I jes' got fifteen cents to mah name, an' I see goin' to be a hungry nigger."

"You must want to go to war bad, Charlie," remarked Mr. Lambert.

"Ah don't cah whah I go' cause I only got one lung an' Ah ain't goin' to live more'n a yeah an' I jes' as soon die fightin' dem Dutch."

"What makes you think you have only one lung?" asked the officer.

"Cause every time Ah git into a warm place I spit black, Ah do."

"What have you been doing for a living?" was the next question.

"I see been shovelin' coal. Ah done had fo' dollars and seventy-five cents de udder day when I cum from Alabama and now Ah only got fifteen cents left. Lordy, dis am a expensive place to live. Mah room done cos' me a dollar and I jes' had thirty-five cents worth of grub and I see sure full up, boss."

"Well, Charlie," said Mr. Lambert, "we have already sent 1,200 of you boys to camp and pretty soon you can go along, too."

"Wha'sat?" exclaimed the darkey, "1,200 colored boys gone to camp? Ah don't cah no mo'. Jes' gib me dat pass, boss. I see goin' to hab lots of money jes' soon as I hits dat camp."

"What are you going to do, Charlie; shoot crap?"

"Well, Ah uster shoot a little crap, boss."

This is one of the bright lights that creep into the bureau of delinquents occasionally and dispel the gloom that too often hangs over the office.

Another colored man who was asked if he was going to enlist in the navy replied: "Not if I kin help it, boss. I see willin' to go to war, but when Ah falls Ah wants to fall on sumpin' solid, Ah does."

Didn't Mind Being "Pinched," but Barred Hoodoo

SPOKANE, WASH.—While her husband, whom she accuses of associating with white women, was sitting in the kitchen of her home calmly eating a watermelon Detectives Fordyce and Markwood found Fanny Hopkins, colored, prayerfully parading back and forth in the living room sharpening an 18-inch butcher knife.

"Oh, God, hear my prayer," ejaculated the angry negress. "I will cut that man's throat tonight as sure as I am living. Oh, God, take him away and snap a fool nigger head off. I don't want him round here taking up room in my house."

In response to a telephone report to the police station that Mrs. Hopkins was going to kill her husband the detectives hurried to the scene and found a crowd collected in front of the house in anticipation of a melee when she was arrested. She is noted in the neighborhood for her numerous fights with officers on previous occasions.

The audience was not disappointed, for the woman, who weighs nearly 200 pounds, threw herself on the ground and fought and kicked with all her strength. It was necessary for Fordyce and Markwood to summon Emergency Officer Dan Phelan to assist them. At sight of Phelan the woman shouted: "There's my baby," and quietly accompanied him to the patrol wagon.

She was arrested on charges of disorderly conduct and drunkenness. She nearly fainted when she discovered that the date of her arrest was the thirteenth and that the booking agent had assigned box 13 to her for her personal possessions. "Don't give me all them thirteens," she wailed. "I don't mind being pinched, but I ain't going to be hoodooed, I ain't!"

Judge Extends Clemency to Mouth-Harp Expert

KANSAS CITY.—"For five years John has been a model roomer at my house. But he brought home a mouth harp and two bottles of French wine last night. He played the harp so long and hard my family and I could not sleep. I knocked on his door and begged him to be quiet. He seized his Springfield rifle and threatened to fill me with bullets. I called the police."

Andrew Gippner 2322 Tracy avenue, finished testifying in the South side court against John Raschitsch, a bartender, short and plump.

John pleaded guilty, adding, "That French wine—"

"Ten dollars," Justice Casimir J. Welch interrupted. "Call the next case, Mr. Clerk." John didn't have money enough to pay the fine. He was taken to a small cell adjoining the courtroom.

Justice Welch resumed trying cases. Suddenly music was heard, emanating from the nearby cell. The courtroom occupants listened. Justice Welch smiled and nodded his head, keeping time to the strains.

"Bring out that person who is playing," Justice Welch ordered. An attendant went into the cell and reappeared a moment later with John Raschitsch. John had a harp to his lips. The music continued.

The tune was "Ireland Must Be Heaven, for My Mother Came From There."

Justice Welch listened until John, almost breathless, ceased his efforts. "Man," Justice Welch exclaimed, "you're not Irish, but you've sure got Irish ways. Mr. Clerk, cut that fine \$5."

John paid.

Man Kidnaps Own Wife in Fast Yellow Taxicab

ST. LOUIS.—A woman's screams issuing from a yellow colored taxicab speeding southward attracted the attention of persons in a street car near Twenty-fourth street. They caught a glimpse of a man and woman struggling in the cab as it passed. The woman's clothing was torn, her hair disarranged, and she was screaming for help.

The man was attempting to stifle the woman's cries with a bath towel, it was said. Once he had her head half out of the window, his fingers about her throat strangling her.

Capt. Dennis Whalen saw the struggle from the car, and leaping into the car of a passing motorist started in pursuit.

Through the park the cars raced. They attracted the attention of a special patrolman of the park, who stepped into the middle of the road and with drawn revolver commanded the driver to stop.

The woman told her story later. They had been separated for more than six months and several weeks ago she sued her husband for divorce. She was employed in a private home. Her husband drove up to the door of her employer's home in a taxicab and asked to see her, she said. When she appeared at the door he seized her in his arms and carried her to the waiting cab, she asserted.

The man told the chauffeur his wife was mentally unbalanced and it was necessary to use force to take her home, the chauffeur said.

He told the police he was trying his best to effect a reconciliation with his estranged wife and that he did not really intend to harm her. He said he was taking her to his home to try to get her to live with him again.

SET WITS TO WORK

Woman Proved Herself Heroine in Emergency.

With Husband Disabled by Broken Leg She Employed Unique Signal to Bring Help That Might Save Him.

The following would be almost unbelievable if the facts were not the talk of the community and if it were not substantiated by the various participants. In Penobscot bay, three miles from Islesboro, is a little island known as Mark Island, owned by Preston Player, a State street broker of Boston, and he there maintains a big summer place. The keeper is Ralph Collamore of Lincolnville, who in the winter, with his wife and two children, makes his home on the island in a little cottage.

On Wednesday, January 23, he took the boat and started for Islesboro. Three hours were taken in making the trip of three miles by water. He came back and upon landing and pulling the boat up onto the shore on Mark Island he pulled the boat over onto him, pinning him down and breaking his leg. His wife kept looking for her husband's return and finally, attracted by his groans, found him pinned under the boat. She is a frail woman but with him hanging onto his injured limb, she managed to drag him up to the cottage. There with the aid of a leather wallet and sticks she set the leg the best she could. There they were practically isolated and help was needed badly.

Mrs. Collamore, full of pluck and determination to get help, went to the Player summer home. There she managed to set agoing the electric dynamo by which the place is lighted. She turned on every light in that big house and put on also a red light. The lights were run all day Thursday and not until 5:45 Thursday afternoon was the light noticed at Dark Harbor.

Telephone calls were sent to the naval station and the tug Zizania started to Dark Harbor to see what was the trouble. Dark Harbor was reached about 9:30 Thursday night. There no one knew what was the trouble at Mark Island. The Zizania cut her way through the ice, in some places 8 and 10 inches thick, for three miles to the island. Captain Sherman and nine men went ashore. They made their way to the lighted house and there found no one. Groping along in the darkness they were frightened by the sudden uprising of a flock of turkeys from a tree. Then they came upon the cottage in total darkness with the door open but no signs of life about.

Going in they found the courageous little woman asleep, the injured man half asleep and both children slumbering. The tug went back to Dark Harbor and there found a doctor who was brought back to Mark Island. The Zizania remained at Mark Island until four o'clock Friday morning when the injured man was attended to.—Bangor Commercial.

Britain's Indians. The Indians in the British army on the western front, notably the Sikhs, that highly disciplined military force from British India, have little in common with the American red men. They are sons of a deeply religious sect, and for 50 years or more have been an important factor in the British dominion of the far East. They are tall, well-built, handsome men, most of them with beards, and in perfection of drill and military bearing they are not excelled by any troops on the western front. But while their methods of fighting are quite dissimilar, the Sikh fighting force being a well-trained military machine while the American Indian is a flexible unit, there is one thing in which they are very much alike. As a humorous English writer—Punch and its punsters still live—puts it: "I have had an opportunity to study both the Indians of the East and the Indians of the West, and while they are very dissimilar in most things, when it comes to courage, I may be excused for saying that it is Sikhs of one and a half dozen of the other!"

Stenographers to Go to France.

A unit of 25 expert women stenographers, who will wear a distinctive uniform, is now being recruited in the United States for overseas service. This group will be assigned to the quartermaster's corps of the American expeditionary forces and to the headquarters of the staff of General Pershing. Each applicant for service must be an experienced stenographer. She will be required to own in her own equipment four uniforms (two for winter and two for summer service). She must pass a physical examination, and will be engaged for the period of the war. The salary now stated is \$1,000 a year with the additional allowance of \$4 a day for the first month and \$2 a day for the remainder of the time.

The Upper Class. "So you wish to marry my daughter?" said the proud parent.

"Yes, sir," replied the young man.

"How much money are you making?" asked the governor.

"Forty dollars a week," was the reply.

"Forty dollars a week! Why my daughter can make that in a munitions plant and not work overtime."